

# THE RURAL MAGAZINE.



AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

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## DESCRIPTION OF THE BATAVIAN MANNERS.

from Sir G. Staunton's account of the Embassy to China.

IN several houses of note throughout the settlement the table is spread in the morning at an early hour: beside tea, coffee, and chocolate, fish and flesh are served for breakfast; which is no sooner over, than Madeira, claret, and dutch small beer, and english porter, are laid out in the portico before the door of the great hall, and pipes and tobacco presented to every guest, and a bright brass jar placed before him to receive the phlegm which the tobacco frequently draws forth. This occupation continues sometimes with little interruption, till near dinner time, which is about one o'clock in the afternoon. It is not very uncommon for the man to drink a bottle of wine in this manner before dinner. And those who have a predilection for the liquor of their own country, swallow several bottles of dutch small beer, which they are told, dilutes their blood, and affords plenty of fluids for a free perspiration. Immediately before dinner, two men slaves go round with Madeira wine, of which each of the company takes a bumper, as a tonic or whetter of the appetite. Then follow three female slaves, one with a silver jar containing water, sometimes rose water, to wash; a second with a silver basin and low cover of the same metal, pierced with holes, to receive the water after being used; and the third with towels for wiping the hands.—During dinner a band of music plays at a little distance; the musicians are all slaves; and pains are taken to instruct them. A considerable number of female slaves attend at table, which is covered with a variety of dishes; but little is received, except liquors, into the stomachs already cloyed. Coffee immediately follows dinner. The twenty-four hours are here divided, as to the manner of living, into two days and two nights; for each person retires, soon after drinking coffee, to a bed, which consists of a mattress, bolster, pillow, and chintz counterpane, but no sheets; and puts on his night dress, or muslin cap and loose long cotton gown. If a bachelor, which is the case of much the greatest number, a female slave attends to fan him while he sleeps. About six they rise, dress, drink tea, take an airing in their carriages, and form parties to spend the evening together to a late hour. The morning meetings consist generally of men, the ladies seldom choosing to appear till evening.

Few of these are natives of Europe, but many are descended from dutch settlers here; and are educated with some care. The features and outlines of their faces are european; but the complexion, character and mode of life, approach more to the native inhabitants of Java.—A pale languor overspreads the countenance, and not the least tint of rose is seen in any cheek.

While in their own houses they dress like their slaves, with a long red checkered cotton gown descending to the ankles, with large wide sleeves. They wear no head dress, but plat their hair, and fasten it with a silver bodkin on the top of the head, like the country girls in several cantons of Switzerland. The colour of the hair is almost universally black; they anoint it with the oil of the cocoa-nut, and adorn it with chaplets of flowers. When they go abroad to pay visits, or to take an airing in their carriages, and particularly when they go to their evening parties, they dress magnificently, in gold and silver spangled muslin robes, with a profusion of jewels in their hair, which, however, is worn without powder. They never attempt to mould or regulate the shape, by any fancied idea of elegance, or any standard of fashion; and, consequently, formed a striking contrast with such few ladies as were lately arrived from Holland, who had powdered hair and fair complexions, had contracted their waists with stays, wore large head dresses and hoops, and preserved in the early care of forcing back the elbows, chin, and shoulders. Every native lady is constantly attended by a female slave handsomely habited, who, as soon as her mistress is seated, sits at her feet before her, on the floor, holding her mistress's gold or silver box, divided into compartments, to contain areca nut, cardamom seeds, pepper, tobacco, and slacked lime; all which, mixed together in due proportions, and rolled within a leaf of betel, constitute a masticatory of a very pungent taste, and in general use.—When, in the public assemblies, the ladies find the heat disagreeable, they retire to free themselves from their costly but inconvenient habits, and return, without ceremony, in a more light and loose attire; when they are scarcely recognizable by strangers. The gentlemen follow the example, and throwing off their heavy and formal dresses, appear in white jackets, sometimes indeed adorned with diamond buttons.—The elderly gentlemen quit their periwigs for night caps. Except in these moments, the members of this government have always combined their personal gratification, with the eastern policy of striking awe into vulgar minds, by the assumption of exterior and exclusive distinctions. They alone, for instance, appear abroad in ornaments. When met by others, the latter must stop, and pay homage to the former. One of the gates of the city is opened only to let them pass. They certainly succeed in supporting absolute sway over a vast superiority in number of the descendants of the original inhabitants of the country, as well as of the slaves imported into it, and of the chinese attracted to it by the hope of gain; those classes, tho healthy, active, and as if quite at home, readily obeying a few emaciated europeans: such is the consequence of dominion once acqui-

red; the prevalence of the mind over more bodily exertions, and the effect of the combination of power against divided strength.

Many particulars are related of the unhealthy state of the City, and of the Customs of the Inhabitants.—Among other things, we are told that jet black in Batavia, is the favorite Color for the Teeth, which are painted black except the two middle ones which are covered with Gold leaf.

## ON IDLENESS.

IDLENESS, at any period of life, is dangerous to virtue; but in youth is more to be dreaded than at any other season; and therefore it is peculiarly incumbent on young persons to guard against it. For, in youth the active powers are awake and restless, and will prompt to evil, if a sphere of operation is not prescribed them within the limits of innocence. In youth, the passions are turbulent, and the love of pleasure strong; and as experience and knowledge are scanty, and foresight superficial, men want many of those monitors to caution and rectitude, which are the usual attendants of riper years. In youth the mind yields easily to every new impression, and to those, in particular, that promote intemperate emotions. In short, in youth, men are headstrong, fickle, vain, self-sufficient, averse to consideration, intent on the present moment, regardless of the future, and forgetful of the past; and therefore more in danger from temptation and from idleness. I mean not to write a satire on youth, or to say, that from the above account there are no exceptions. I know there are many. But I need not hesitate to affirm, that idleness in youth is never followed by a respectable old age. Habits then contracted take deep root; and habits of inattention it is almost impossible to eradicate.

Another duty which a man owes both to himself and society, is Temperance. Merely to be temperate requires no great effort; which makes intemperance (considering its consequences, whereof no person can be ignorant) the more inexcusable. Men habitually intemperate, justly forfeit the esteem of their fellow-citizens; because they disqualify themselves for every duty, and prepare themselves for the violation of every law. For, whether they become stupid by glutony, or frantic by drunkenness, they show themselves equally insensible to the dignity of their nature, and to the calls of honor and duty. Savage and half-civilized people are addicted to these vices; which as men improve in arts and manners, become more and more unfashionable. This, however is not equally the case in all civilized countries.

The Athenians loved wine and dancing; the Romans, in their better days, were temperate and sedate. Cicero says in his oration for Murena,



that no man dances that is not either drunk or mad ; and it is remarkable, as the same author in another place observes, that of an entertainment, the Greek name (*symposium*) denotes *drinking together*, and the Latin name (*convivium*) *living together*. In the symposium of Plato, at which Socrates and other distinguished characters are said to be present, it is proposed to enter into some philosophical enquiry, in order to avoid excess in drinking : and, before the end of *computation*, Alcibiades came in very noisy, and very drunk ; and Aristophanes shows by repeated hiccups, that he had both drank and eaten too much. In some Grecian states, however, the laws were severe against ebriety. Pittacus of Lesbos ordered, that every crime committed by a drunken man should incur two punishments ; the one due to the crime, the other to the intoxication ; which, though not according to the principles of strict morality, was, however, no bad political expedient. In France and Italy, and among the better sort of people in England, drunkenness is hardly known ; and in Scotland we begin to improve in this respect, as in many others, by the example of our southern neighbours.

As habits of intoxication are not soon or easily acquired, being in most constitutions, especially in early years, accompanied by fits of fever and head-ach, young persons may easily guard against them. I have sometimes met with those who have made it a rule never to drink any thing stronger than water ; who were respected on that very account ; who enjoyed health and strength, and vigour of mind, and gaiety of heart in an uncommon degree ; and were so far from considering themselves as under any painful restraint, that they assured me they had no more inclination to taste wine or strong drink, than I could have to eat a nauseous medicine. If I could prevail on some of my young friends (for whose sake I scruple not to digress a little now and then) to imitate the example, I should do much good to their souls and bodies, their fortunes and intellects ; and be happily instrumental in preventing a thousand vices and follies, as well as many of those infirmities which beset the old age of him who has given way to intemperance in youth.

Persons of delicate or broken constitutions may find it necessary to follow the apostle's advice to Timothy, and take a little wine for their stomach's sake : but how much happier and more independent would they have been, if they had never needed such a cordial !—which might possibly have been the case, if, in youth, they had been uniformly and rigorously temperate. The apostle seems to intimate, that liquors which may produce inebriation are to be used as medicines only. Let this be kept continually in view : and then we shall make no account of those rants in praise of wine, which we find in Anacreon and other drunken poets ; who, that their own follies might be less apparent, wished to make their readers as foolish as themselves. I shall only add, that habits, of intoxication, as well as of idleness, are, at every age, most pernicious ; but, if contracted in youth, seldom fail to end in utter profligacy, or early death, or perhaps both. Older sinners may have a reserve about them, and a caution, that shall perhaps in part prevent, at least for a time, some of the bad effects of their vices. But when the natural fire of youth is enflamed by habitual intemperance, when the imprudence of that period is heightened into phrenzy, every principle of honour

and modesty may be borne down, and the person become useless, odious, and miserable.

There is one wickedness, which may be referred to this class ; and which, though it might raise the most lively compassion, or rather the most exquisite sorrow, in consideration of what the unhappy being must have suffered before committing it, and may suffer after, is yet the object, not only of disapprobation, but of horror : and that is suicide. When self-destruction proceeds from insanity which one has not brought on one's self, it is no more a crime, than a man's throwing himself from a window in the delirium of a fever. But if it be the effect of intemperance, atheism, gaming, disappointment in any unjustifiable pursuit, or dissatisfaction with the dispensations of Providence, it is, of all enormities, the most unnatural and atrocious ; being, with respect to God, an act of the most presumptuous impiety, precluding if the death be sudden, repentance, and consequently the hope of pardon ; with respect to dependents and friends, most cruel and ungenerous ; and, with respect to the perpetrator, cowardly in the extreme. *Rebis in adversis facile est contemnere vitum, Fortiter ille facit qui miser esse potest.* It is indeed so shocking to nature, that we can hardly conceive it possible for any person, in his perfect mind, to be guilty of it. And our laws are willing to suppose, (for by the laws of most civilized nations it is prohibited) that in almost all cases it is madness, and cannot take place, till man, by losing his reason, ceases to be an accountable being.

## A PROPHECY

*Found in an Old Manuscript.*

IN those days a strange person shall appear in France, coming from the borders of a lake, and he shall cry to the people, Behold I am possessed by the Demon of enthusiasm ; I have received the gift of incoherence ; I am a philosopher, and a professor of paradoxes.

And a multitude shall follow him, and many shall believe in him.

And he shall say to them, You are all knaves and fools ; and your wives and daughters are debauched ; and I will come and live among you. And he shall abuse the natural gentleness of the people by his foul speeches.

And he shall cry aloud, " All men are virtuous in the country where I was born ; but I will not live in the country where I was born."

And he shall maintain, that arts and sciences necessarily corrupt the manners ; and he shall write upon all arts and sciences.

And he shall declare the theatre a source of prostitution and corruption, and he shall write operas and comedies.

And he shall affirm savages only are virtuous, though he has never lived among savages, but he shall be worthy to live among them.

And he shall say to men cast away your fine garments, and go naked, and he himself shall wear laced clothes when they are given him.

And he shall say to the great, " they are more despicable than their fortunes ;" but he shall frequent their houses, and they shall behold him as a curious animal brought from a strange land.

And his occupation shall be to copy French music, and he shall say there is no French music.

And he shall declare romances destructive to morality, and he shall write a romance, and, in his romance, the words shall be virtuous, and

the morals wicked ; and his characters shall outrageous lovers and philosophers.

And he shall say to the universe, " I am favourite of fortune ; I write and I receive love letters : " and the universe shall see the letters received were written by himself.

And in his romance he shall teach the art of suborning a maiden by philosophy ; and he shall learn from her lover to forget shame, and become ridiculous, and write maxims.

And she shall give her lover the first kiss upon his lips, and shall invite him to lie with her, and he shall lie with her, and she shall become learned with metaphysics, and her billet-doux shall be homilies of philosophy.

And he shall teach her that parents have no authority in the choice of a husband, and he shall paint them barbarous and unnatural.

And he shall refuse wages from the father, because of the delicacy natural to men, and receive money underhand from the daughter, which shall prove to be exceedingly proper.

And he shall get drunk with an English Lord who shall insult him ; and he shall propose a fight with the English Lord ; and his mistress who has lost the honour of her own sex, shall decide upon that of men ; and she shall teach him, who taught her every thing, that he ought not to fight.

And he shall receive a pension from the Lord and shall go to Paris, where he shall not frequent the society of well bred and sensible people, but of flirts and petit-maitres, and he shall believe he has seen Paris.

And he shall write to his mistress that the women are grenadiers, go naked, and refuse nothing to any man they chance to meet.

And when the same women shall receive him at their country-houses, and amuse themselves with his vanity, he shall say they are prodigies of reason and virtue.

And the *petit-maitres* shall bring him to a brothel, and he shall get drunk like a fool, and lie with strange women, and write an account of all this to his mistress, and she shall thank him.

And he shall receive his mistress's picture and his imagination shall kindle at the sight, and his mistress shall give him obscene lessons of solitary chastity.

And his mistress shall marry the first man that arrives from the world's end ; and, notwithstanding all her craft, she shall imagine no means to break off the match ; and she shall pass intrepidly from her lover's to her husband's arms.

And her husband shall know, before his marriage, that she is desperately in love with and beloved by another man ; and he shall voluntarily make them miserable ; but he shall be a good man, and, moreover, an Atheist.

*(To be concluded next week.)*

## OF DREAMING.

THAT may be very useful, of which we cannot discover the use : and dreams, though we know little of their nature, may yet be of great importance in our constitution. Most of the few unconnected remarks that follow, are offered as mere conjecture ; for it would be vain to attempt to treat this subject in a scientific manner. Most men dream, but all do not, and some times we dream more than at other times. In dreams, we mistake ideas of imagination for real things. But when awake, in our perfect mind, we never mistake a reality for a dream. Realities are perceived intuitively. We cannot prove by argument, that we are not



awake; for we know of nothing more evident to prove it by; and it is essential to every proof, to be clearer than that which is to be proved. But it is impossible for us to doubt of our being awake: such is the law of our nature. And our experience of the delusions of dreaming never affects, and is not supposed to affect, the certainty of human knowledge.

In good health, we often dream of our ordinary business; which, however, is considerably disguised by imaginary circumstances. Such dreams partake of the nature of allegory: they resemble common life, and yet they differ from it. This the poets attend to; and when they have occasion to describe any person's dream, they generally make it contain some shadowy representation of what is supposed to be in his mind when awake; and this we approve of, because we know it is natural. Disagreeable dreams accompany certain bodily disorders; and when there is any tendency to fever in the human frame, they are very fatiguing and tiresome: whence a man of prudence, who is free from superstition, may make discoveries concerning his health, and learn from his dreams to live more temperately than usual, or take more or less exercise, or have recourse to other means, in order to avert the impending evil.

Dreams may sometimes be useful, as fables are, for conveying moral instruction. If, for example, we dream that we are in violent anger, and strike a blow which kills a man, the horror we feel on the occasion may dispose us, when awake, to form resolutions against violent anger lest it should, at one time or other, prompt us to a like perpetration. In the *Tatler* (numb. 117.) there is an account of a dream, that conveys a sublime and instructive lesson of morality.—Dreams are a striking instance of the activity of the human soul, and of its power of creating, as it were, without the help of the senses, ideas that give it amusement, and command its whole attention. Sometimes, however, in sleep, our memory, and sometimes our judgment, seem to have forsaken us: we believe the wildest absurdities, and forget the most remarkable events of our life. It is at least possible, that this temporary suspension of our faculties may make the soul act more vigorously at other times, even as our bodily powers derive refreshment from rest.

Dreams may, in other respects, be friendly to our intellectual nature. To think too long or too intensely, on any one subject, is hurtful to health, and sometimes even to reason. They may therefore be useful in giving variety to our thoughts, and forcing the mind to exert itself, for a while, in a new direction. And persons who dream most frequently, may perhaps, from their constitution, have more need, than others have, of this sort of amusement; which is the more probable, because it is found in fact, that those people are most apt to dream, who are most addicted to intense thinking. In this view, even disagreeable dreams are useful: as a life of violent activity, hardship, and even of danger, is recommended, and known to give relief, to persons oppressed with melancholy, and other mental disorders.

In ancient times, the dreams of some men were prophetic; but, as we are not prophets, we have no reason to think that ours are of that sort. It may happen, indeed, in the revolution of chances, that a dream shall resemble a future event. But this is rare; and, when it happens not more wonderful, than that an irregular clock should now and then point at the right hour.—Nor can it be admitted, that dreams are suggest-

ed by invisible beings; as they are for the most part mere trifles, and depend so much on the state of our mind and body. The soul in herself seems to possess vivacity sufficient to account for all the odd appearances that occur in sleep. For even when we are awake, and in health, very strange thoughts will sometimes arise in the mind. And in certain diseases, waking thoughts are as often as extravagant as the wildest dreams.

Our dreams are exceedingly various; but that they should be so, is not at all surprising. A very slight impression made on our organs of sense in sleep—a sound heard imperfectly—a greater or less degree of heat—our breathing in any respect interrupted, by the state of the stomach and bowels, by an awkward position of the head, or by external things affecting our organs of respiration—the temperature of the air in general, or that of our bed chamber in particular—these and the like casualties, as well as the tenor of our thoughts through the day, the state of our health, and the passions that may happen to predominate in our mind, have all considerable influence in giving variety to our nocturnal imaginations. Uncommon dreams, therefore, should give us no concern. In these visionary appearances, uniformity would be more wonderful, than the greatest variety. Some people, it is true, often find the same dream recur upon them. Possibly this may be in part owing to habit: they dream the same thing a third or fourth time, because they have talked or thought of it more than other dreams. Hence with respect to disagreeable dreams, we may learn a caution; which is, to banish them from our thoughts as soon as possible, and never speak of them at all. It is indeed a vulgar observation, but there is truth in it, that they who seldom ~~are~~ of dreams, are not often troubled with them.

#### An account of MULEY MOLUC.

When Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, emperor of Morocco in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle began, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly, in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died in a few minutes after in that posture.

#### NEWARK, OCTOBER 13.



#### MARRIAGES.

On the 6th inst. Doctor LEWIS CONDUCT, of Morris-Town, New-Jersey, to Miss MARTHA WOODHULL, daughter of the Rev. Nathan Woodhull, of Newtown, Long-Island.

#### THE MORALIST.

HAPPY that man, who, unembarrassed by vulgar cares, master of himself, his time, and fortune, spends his time in making himself wiser, and his fortune in making others (and therefore himself) happier: Who, as the will and understanding are the two ennobling faculties of the soul, thinks himself not complete, till his understanding be beautified with the valuable furniture of knowledge, as well as his will enriched with every virtue: Who has furnished himself with all the advantages to relish solitude, and enliven conversation; when serious, not sullen, and when cheerful, not indiscreetly gay: His ambition, not to be admired for a false glare of greatness, but to be beloved for the gentle and sober lustre of his wisdom and goodness. The greatest minister of state has not more business to do in a public capacity, than he, and indeed every man else, may find in the retired and still scenes of life. Even in his private walks, every thing that is visible convinceth him there is present a Being invisible. Aided by natural philosophy, he reads plain legible traces of the Divinity in every thing he meets: He sees the Deity in every tree, as well as Moses did in the burning bush, though not in so glaring a manner: And when he sees him, he adores him with the tribute of a grateful heart.

#### ANECDOTE.

A FRENCH writer having lampooned a Nobleman, was caned by him for his licentious wit; when on applying to the duke of Orleans, then regent, and begging him to do him justice, the duke replied, with a smile, "Sir it has been done already."

A SCHOLAR, a bald man, and a barber, travelling together, agreed each to watch four hours at night, in turn, for the sake of security. The barber's lot came first, who shaved the scholar's head when asleep, then waked him when his turn came. The scholar scratched his head, and feeling it bald, exclaimed, "You wretch of a barber, you have waked the bald man instead of me!"



#### OBITUARY.

Died, On Wednesday evening, the 3d inst. in Bourdenton, in the 54th year of his age, Col. JOHN VAN EMBURGH. His decease appears to have been in consequence of his opening a bundle of clothes which had been left in his store, by a passenger in the Bourdenton stage from Philadelphia.

At Lamberton, of the prevailing malignant fever, Capt. ABRAHAM VOORHEES, a respectable citizen of that place.



## POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's design'd  
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;  
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,  
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;  
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,  
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

### THE ROSE AND BUTTERFLY.

**T**WAS in the blooming month of chearful  
May,

Perfum'd with flow'rs a beauteous garden lay,  
Where op'ning buds their od'rous sweets be-  
flow'd,

And all in regular confusion bow'd;  
Where dazzling beauties met the admiring eye,  
The pride of spring, and nature's luxury;  
'Twas there a ROSE, the pageant of an hour,  
Pour'd forth her lustre on each rival flow'r;  
Conscious of beauties charms, the haughty fair  
Sigh'd, panted, trembled, at each breath of air;  
Now fed with flattery, now restrain'd by pride,  
This moment hated, and the next comply'd:  
As frail coquets accept the treat or ball,  
Tho' kind to none, yet complaisant to all.

A youthful butterfly, with gilded wing,  
Saw and ador'd this goddess of the spring:  
In tender flutterings he approach'd the fair,  
Murmur'd his passion, and hum'd out despair:  
The flaunting idol listen'd to his pain,  
She blush'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and blush'd  
again;

A thousand vows protect his future flame,  
"I am, and must forever be the same."  
But soon, too soon he seeks his native air,  
To find new conquests, and another fair;  
Away he flies, nor pray'rs nor tears will move;  
Oh constant fruit of quickly fated love!  
And now he roams about from flow'r to flow'r,  
Courts, tastes, enjoys, and changes ev'ry hour;  
Admires the tulip's variegated hue,  
Or sips the soft carnation's balmy dew;  
The purple violet or daffodille,  
The fragrant jasmine or the sweet jonquille;  
Of various colours robs the blooming spring,  
And with the spoils adorns his gaudy wing.

Learn hence, my female friends, nor learn in  
vain,

To sooth and mitigate your lover's pain  
Nor yield too soon, nor triumph o'er your slave;  
For know—'tis pity makes the conqueror brave.  
Dress is each gaudy cockcomb's poor pretence,  
Virtue alone can win the man of sense.  
Trust not your charms too far, the world can  
tell

A male coquet is no such miracle.  
Let virtue fade, and reputation die,  
And ev'ry Rose will find a Butterfly.

*Our readers we doubt not will be much pleased  
with the following invocation to the Ocean.*

"O! OCEAN! thou guardian and friend  
to mankind,  
To the best of thy favours, how many are blind!  
The merchant who cares but to live like himself,  
Extols thee for floating home coffers of pelf:  
The alderman pours out his thanks to his God  
Who stock'd thee with salmon, and turbot, and  
cod:

The scholar, who knows not the blessings of home,  
Sings thy waves so transporting, which grant  
him to roam,  
And shew him old Penelopius at Rome:  
Which lead him to climes, fam'd for Pompeys  
and Neros,  
And bring him to plains, trod by consuls and  
heroes:  
While philosophers, poring from midnight till  
noon.  
Make us stare with their tales of thy jig to the  
moon.

"But I thy waves honour, with just veneration,  
For diffusing such good o'er the whole of this  
nation.

In infancy, thou, while we struggle and squall,  
Driv'st off scrophula, rickets, and weakness  
and all:

'Tis thou giv'st to Jacky and Susan—sweet pair!  
The blessing they've languish'd so long for,—  
an heir:

Returning from thee, with thy bounties elate,  
Sue brings home a boy to retain the estate:

'Tis thou giv'st the rake, weak with revels and  
pain,

To pick up his crumbs and go to it again:  
'Tis thou giv'st the demirep, slave to dissipation,  
Again to recover her talent to please:

'Tis the virtue supreme of thy catholic wave,  
That so many poor mortals each summer doth  
save:

That, as potent as magic, the aged makes young,  
And turns, by his tonic, the tender to strong:  
That rescues their lives from the grave and from  
crutches,  
If it wash but a beggar, a duke, or a dutchess.

"Then O! may thy waters, for ages yet longer,  
Continue this nation to cleanse and make stronger:  
May they wash off decrepitude, lengthen our  
lives,

And fasten the knot—twixt our ~~lives~~ and  
wives:

Grant them conjugal bliss, such as sent from  
above,

And give them each year a sweet pledge of  
their love:

Make us potent in council and wise in debate,  
To keep off our enemies far from our state.

"And O! may thy borderseach summer display  
A group thus harmonious, thus lively and gay!  
Where, unanimous all, there's no struggle, or  
strife,

But to throw away money and treasure up life'.

### THE MORNING.—BY A LADY.

THE day comes on, the rising morn appears,  
Through yonder clouds, and every object cheers.  
Between the trees his radiant beams I see,  
The birds prepare their softer harmony.  
Hail to the God of light methinks they say,  
Hail to the beauteous harbinger of day.  
Now on the drooping flowers his rays descend.  
Warm'd by the touch their clos'd leaves expand,  
Display their beauties, and their sweets diffuse,  
Their colours heighten'd by the glittering dews.  
The rose and jasmine seems to try,  
Which shall each other's sweets outvie,  
While the fragrant woodbine climbs,  
And spreads its branches round the limbs.  
Beneath its shelter let me sit,  
And for awhile the world forget;  
All its follies all its noise.  
These and only these are joys,  
Joys as sweet, as pure as those,  
Which th' immortal spirit knows.

### FEMALE EXILE.—BY MRS. SMITH.

"November's chill blast on the rough beach  
howling,  
The surge breaks afar, and then foams to  
the shore,  
Dark clouds o'er the sea gather heavy and  
frowning,  
And the white cliffs re-echo the wild wintry  
roar.

Beneath that chalk rock, a fair stranger reclining,  
Has found on damp sea-weed a cold lonely seat;  
Her eyes fill'd with tears, and her heart with  
reining,  
She starts at the billows that burst at her feet.

"There, day after day, with an anxious heart  
heaving,  
She watches the waves where they mingle  
with air:  
For the sail which, alas! all her fond hopes  
deceiving,  
May bring only tidings to add to her care.

"Loose stream to wild winds those fair flowing  
tresses,  
Once woven with garlands of gay summer  
flowers;  
Her dress unregarded, bespeaks her distresses,  
And beauty is blighted by grief's heavy hours.

"Her innocent children, unconscious of sorrow,  
To seek the gloss'd shell, or the crimson weed  
stray;  
Amused with the present, they heed not to-morrow  
Nor think of the storm that is gathering to-day.

"The gilt, fairy ship, with its ribbon-sail spread-  
— launch on the salt pool the tide left  
behind;  
Ah! victims—for whom their sad mother is  
dreading  
The multiplied miseries that wait on mankind!

"To fair fortune born, she beholds them with  
anguish.  
Now wanderers with her on some distant soil,  
Perhaps doom'd for life in chill penury to languish  
Or in dependence, or soul-crushing toil.

"But the sea-boat, her hopes and her terrors  
renewing.  
O'er the dim grey horizon now faintly appears;  
She flies to the quay, dreading tidings of ruin,  
All breathless with haste, half expiring with  
fears.

"Poor mourner!—I would that my fortune  
had left me  
The means to alleviate the woes I explore;  
But like thine, my hard fate has of affluence  
bereft me,  
I can warm the cold heart of the wretched no  
more!"

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By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,  
FOR THE PROPRIETORS.